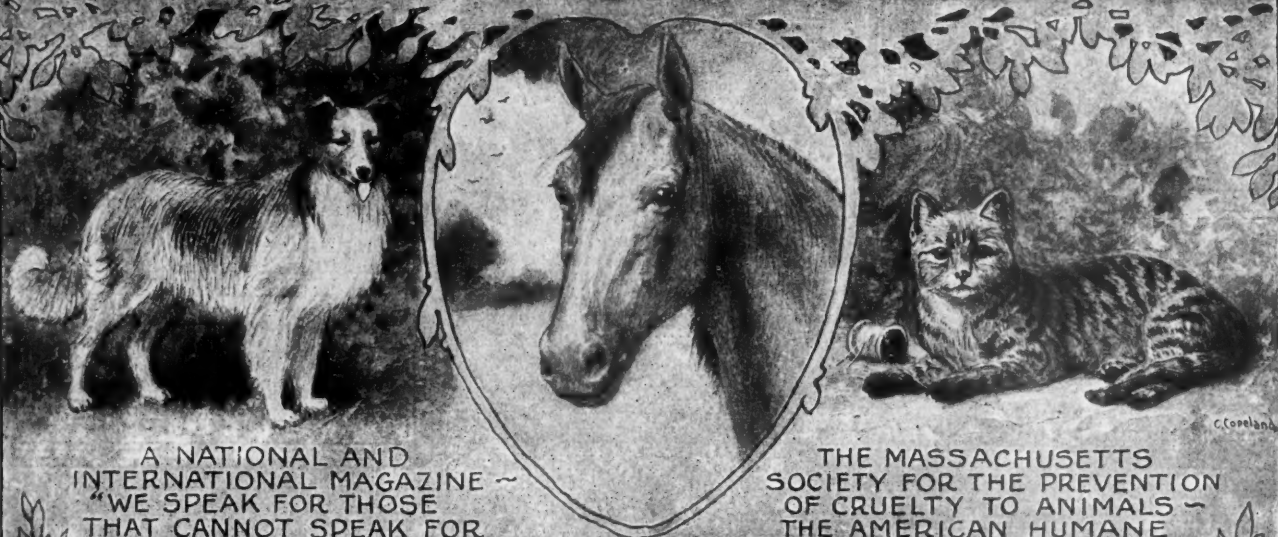


OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Vol. 54

No.

3

AUGUST, 1921

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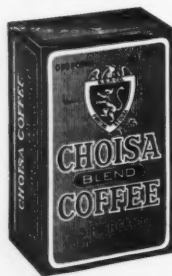
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for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 54

August, 1921

No. 3

EVERY animal we have talked with, except a few of the human variety, has declared for disarmament.

WE are discovering that the really great physicians, as a rule, are not above prescribing for a sick horse or dog. To relieve suffering is not above any man's station.

WAR, in the judgment of William James, was "the wholesale organization of irrationality and crime."

A FEW agricultural papers still permit articles in justifying the brutal practice of dehorning cattle. It's a violation of law in Great Britain, and in this state we should prosecute at once, if able to discover anyone guilty of the cruel deed.

OUR readers will note with interest the result of our prosecution of the American Railway Express Company for punching holes in their horses' ears in which to fasten identification metal tags. We believed the courts would hold it a violation of our anti-cruelty statute.

MANY a so-called hard-headed man may not like to hear it, but it's nevertheless true that the emotions are masters, and the intellect the servant. All our educational institutions have been spending too much time with the servant.

GO look at the Capitol Building in Washington. We are building something like seventeen battleships, each to cost about forty million dollars, or twice the cost of our National Capitol.

WE are quite in sympathy with the man who wrote: "Fools may be graded as follows: First, plain, ordinary fools; second, ——— fools; third, advocates of armament as a means of preventing war."

GLADSTONE knew something about men and nations. He had had long years of familiarity with them. Yet "he was ever keen," says Morley, "from the lessons of experience to expose the ever indestructible fallacy that mighty armaments make for peace."

TO do justly and to love mercy make justice and mercy ever more beautiful things. "Mercy is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

IN Chickasha, Oklahoma, after spending some \$1800 in preliminary plans for a Rodeo, or Round-up Exhibition, the projector of the cruel sport abandoned the undertaking when he learned that should any animal be injured, an injunction would have to be faced. Some humane people were on their job in Chickasha; at least Mr. Jonas Cook was, who gave the warning of the injunction.

HOW much longer are the taxpayers of this country, staggering under their loads, going to permit this persistent wasting of their money in increasing military and naval expenditures? Who wants to fight us? Who can afford to fight us?

WHY not write to the President and your Senator urging that expenditures for increased armament be held up at least until an international conference on disarmament has been called?

THE TRAVELING PARASITE

THIS is the circus. It steals into a city by night, its coming heralded by flaring advertisements wildly exaggerating its merits, brings in its train a band of fakirs and often men much worse, parades the principal streets decked out with the cheapest finery, carries away thousands of dollars, and leaves behind it what? The little money spent locally to buy the necessary food and provender to keep it going till the next city or town is reached. Oh, yes, it amuses a host of people. It furnishes grandfather a chance to take Jimmie to see the animals—if nothing more. But thousands of the people who hand their money into the gilded wagon treasury would far better have spent it for the necessities of life; and the whole crowd in attendance sits for hours amused by scenes that for the most part are really beneath the intelligence of even the ordinary man. All this aside from the cruelty inevitably accompanying the training of the performing animals. The accounts of the trainers themselves are our evidence for this last statement.

ANIMALS AND THE MOVING PICTURE

WHEN we started the Jack London Club it was chiefly the performing animal of the stage, the circus, and the amusement park, that we had in mind. But things move fast these days. Of late the presence of animals is seen with increasing frequency in our moving pictures. Scenes are staged not only where things that are not cruel are made to look so by manipulation of the camera, but where gross cruelty is actually practised. One film in particular of late has caused an almost universal protest from humane people. The Pathe Company put out a picture representing two Boy Scouts trapping a bob-cat. In the first place there was no sense in the cruelty exhibited, and, in the second place, the picture was sailing under false pretenses, as an official of the Boy Scouts denies all endorsement of it. It seems the Pathe people write: "It never occurred to us that anyone would object to the trapping of animals. . . . It may interest you to know that as soon as we received complaints of the steel trap, we had its use discontinued. After the first half-dozen pictures the boys will use box-traps." Public opinion should drive this picture into oblivion. It ought never to have been issued.

What can we do? Let every man and woman, whenever present at a moving-picture show where cruelty to animals in any form appears upon the screen, write in protest both to the management of the theater and to the manufacturers of the film. Keep at it. These manufacturers are in the business for money, not for their health. Convince them that the public is not entertained by pictures made at the expense of animal suffering or the disregard of animal rights, and they will stop producing that kind.

A BIT OF STEVENSON

GENTLENESS and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it, they are wrong. I do not say 'give them up,' for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

JACK LONDON CLUB DISCLOSURES STRIKE HOME

ANIMAL TRAINERS TRY TO COVER UP CRUELITIES

TO join the Jack London Club, all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish animal performances from the stage, *viz.*, get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, send us your name.

It is hoped all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets at any theater or place of public amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

When leaving any place because of an animal performance always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning home.

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

WE have added 3,955 new members to the Club during the month of June.

A CONVICTION for cruelty to a performing monkey was recently secured in a London court. There was no repetition of the performance.

THE Performing Animals' (Prohibition) Bill was defeated in Parliament by a narrow margin. The effort to pass it, however, is not to be regarded a failure. It received a greater share of sympathy and support from the press and public than its backers anticipated, and it is announced that the government will appoint a committee to enquire into the question of cruelty in stage performances of animals.

The Kind of Protest that Counts

Our representative in Washington sends this copy of a letter written to a theater manager by one of his patrons. It is a clear and frank expression of opinion in a man-to-man fashion.

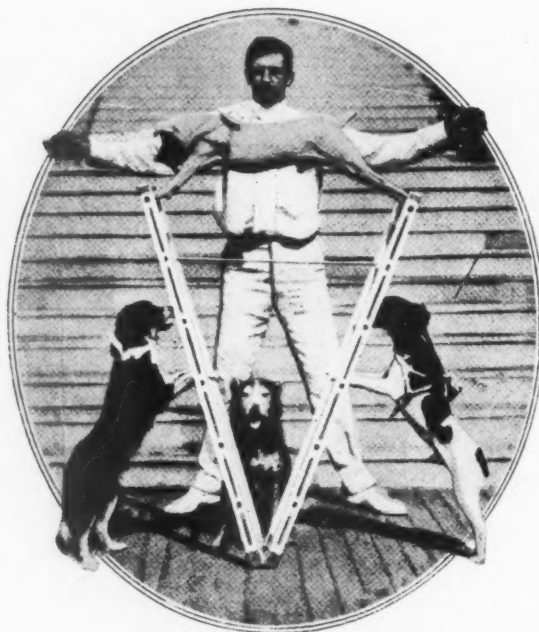
Mr. John Hamrick,
Care of Blue Mouse Theater,
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sir:—

In order that I might not hastily express my feelings, I have waited nearly a week before writing you about the picture shown last week, and in which a wolf was tortured through many feet of film, supposedly for the edification of your audience.

I am a somewhat hardened old sinner myself, and when I was young and knew no better, I did equally diabolic things, so, when I say that your picture spoiled my whole evening and even now troubles me, you may be sure that it is not because I am oversqueamish or sentimental.

Because a wolf—unlike man, who kills just for "fun"—is obliged to kill its food, is no reason why any normal person should enjoy seeing it tortured, and I am sure many people will give the "Blue Mouse" a wide berth in future if when they go in their feelings are going to be spared by such sights as I mention.



A HAZARDOUS FEAT IN WHICH THE ANIMAL PERFORMERS REGISTER MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DISTRESS

It is important that producers be discouraged from making such pictures and foisting them on decent people who have paid their money to see what they hope may prove interesting or entertaining.

I believe you mean well, Mr. Hamrick, and some of your friends hope you will not show such indifference to their feelings again.

I will be obliged if you will give me the name of the producer.

Boom or Boomerang?

Apparently fearing lest the moving-picture devotees will rise in protest against those films in which animals are shown in unnatural roles, the producers of such photoplays are artfully attempting to explain that there is no cruelty whatever in the preliminary training of the animal actors; indeed, they would have you think that animals have a predilection for the stage and greatly prefer "life in the movies" to the freedom of their native wilds.

No normally intelligent person should be deceived or hoodwinked by any such insidious propaganda. Of course there will not be a semblance of whiplash, pistol, hot iron, electric shock, or other of the common implements of the trade. That would ruin the business forthwith. The performance looks innocent enough and the turn is soon over. No visible proof of any cruelty! Why be concerned about how the animals are obtained or captured, how they are trained, or how they live afterward?

The following description in the *New York Tribune* furnishes an illustration of the kindly (?) art of training animals. Can pub-

licity of this nature be of benefit to the film-producing interests?

"A scene in 'Nomads of the North' shows a puppy and a cub bear going down the river and over the falls. It required a half hour each day of nearly two weeks for Mr. Hartford, the producer, to teach the little creatures how to do this particular stunt without drowning themselves, and it was accomplished in the following manner:

"The pup and the cub were leashed together with a yard of thong. They were then placed in a tub half full of water and spilled out into another tub completely filled with water. This was done a half dozen times the first day and was repeated for several days thereafter. When it became apparent the tiny animals had accustomed themselves to spilling out of one tub of water into another, they were taken to the scene of the real waterfall.

"The first several days they were put through the same work-out, excepting that the animals were placed in the real river slightly above the falls and were caught in the tub which was held a few feet below them when they dropped over the falls. This was accomplished by building a light framework of rafters across the river.

"The important part of this training was to accustom both animals to hold their breaths in their plunge below the surface. When Mr. Hartford had satisfied himself that both puppy and cub had learned to do this, the distance of the drop over the falls was gradually increased until after a week or ten days the animals were making the entire descent into the seething rapids of the river and emerging from the foaming torrent without the slightest fright or ill effect."

COARSE ENTERTAINMENT

VIRGINIA SARGENT

I WENT to the circus for the first time the other day. I broke one of my scruples about going to such things, but I wanted to be able to say to those indifferent to animal suffering that I had witnessed some of the cruelties described in humane journals. The examples I saw in this, supposed to be one of the richest and best circuses, fully convinced me that the journals were not over sentimental.

Of course, the wild animal acts distressed me most. Being at one end of the tent, I could not see the whole display, but I saw fair samples. The girl with the leopards and the man with his "wonderful" troupe of lions seemed to be hugely enjoyed by the unthinking and uncaring crowd. Driven from their wagon cages to that of the arena, they were constantly subjected to the crack and lash of the whip. For the lions there were also the iron fork and blank cartridges. One poor lion was infuriated (whether purposely or not, I can't say), and he roared, struck at the pronged fork, and at last, by the bravery (?) of the trainer was cowered by—a mere box! Thereupon a coarse cheer rose from the throng.

I caught glimpses of bears riding bicycles and rolling on balls. The big elephants looked thin to me. They performed several lumbering tricks. The horses and dogs, while appearing in good condition, were put through acts, a great many of which entailed their maintaining uncomfortable and precarious positions for a number of minutes. One dog, I recall, had to stand balanced on a slender rope with a ball on his nose; a white chariot rolling by had four dogs keeping their footing inside the broad rims of the turning wheels, and two wolf hounds were compelled to follow this turnout walking on their hind legs, and at intervals touching with front paws the wheels, in order to keep their balance. A Wild West round-up was scheduled as a side show, but as I had had my heart's scald of that in a government (!) movie, I saw one time, I did not stay.

Space prevents any more than just these few remarks, though much might be said.

Besides the brutality to the dumb beasts in performing, in close confinement, and in ceaseless traveling, there was evident the moral emptiness, or, to put it very mildly, a lack in certain morals, of being entertained with the stunts of bespangled, slightly-clad acrobats and mirth-provoking acts of clowns. I thought of the lack in so many young lives of these latter, and of the many of them, who, if started in life with the ideal of something worth while, might render real service to the world.

I came away heart-sick and disgusted more than ever with the mass of my fellow-kind. Oh, for the day when human beings will be too busy carrying out noble aims to demand amusement in ridiculous and hazardous stunts of their fellows, human and dumb, when the minds of the rising generation will have fit food for development. But there is an army of human beings, though at times it may seem small in comparison with the great need, who have noble aims, and part of it, through the Jack London Club, is striving to impress upon the public the wrongs of trained animal acts, and how it is the duty of every theatergoer at least, to help abolish these by leaving



WATER IS THE FIRST GREAT NEED OF ANIMALS IN HOT WEATHER

a place where such are held, or better still, by refusing to buy tickets for a performance in which they are included. The management cannot escape being affected by such refusals and must eventually see what the trouble is. But everyone must do his part. Let us not delay longer for the sake of those whose wordless pleas should smite upon every heart.

* * *

THE steam engine, trolley, bicycle, automobile, motor-truck and aeroplane have not yet driven the horse into oblivion. In numbers he shows no decrease, but in quality he is improving. The future is far brighter for him. With no more of the galling burdens of the past to bear, he will show his beauty and merit in a thousand matchless ways.

IF A HORSE COULD TALK

*LOAD me but lightly, Master,
Drive with an easy line.
If the sun is warm to your lesser form,
Just think what it is to mine.*

*A pound in the winter, Master,
Is two in the summer sun.
The mercy course makes a better horse
When the hot day's work is done.*

*Easy in loading, Master,
Light with the driving line.
Forget the goad on a sun-baked road.
Be merciful, Master Mine.
MORTON BIRGE in *The Boston Traveler**

OLD DICK THE FAITHFUL

ELMER C. GIPE

EZRA MEEKER drew a sigh of relief as he looked up from signing his name to the paper. Parson Rumley of Ezra's church had just brought the paper over to give Ezra the honor of being first to head the list for the Belgian Relief Fund.

Ezra was a well-to-do farmer; he was deacon in the church, Justice of Peace, a leader in all of the neighborhood's doings, and known as a square shooter. After his name he had put down the princely sum of one hundred dollars. Parson Rumley had remarked that it was more than they had expected Ezra to give; Ezra had replied that he felt it a duty.

After the parson had taken his leave Ezra settled down in his easy chair for his evening nap. For the first time in years Ezra could not go to sleep. He was uncomfortable. His mind kept going back to a certain transaction that had taken place that very morning. He—Ezra Meeker—had not played square. Of course it was nothing but a horse and the one hundred dollars that he had received—had he not given it to the relief committee? Wouldn't it go to help those poor people over there? But Ezra could not get Old Dick's accusing eyes out of his mind.

Ezra put his hand up to his cheek where Old Dick's soft muzzle had been rubbed in welcome as he had led him out of his stall that very morning. The buyer had looked Old Dick over and paid Ezra one hundred dollars

—blood money. No, it cannot be that—a horse is just a horse—anyway Old Dick has outlived his usefulness; it was time he was sold.

Yet that thought did not appease Ezra's conscience. Old Dick the faithful, yes, that was what he was—faithful, and then Ezra remembered all of those years gone by; how he had homesteaded the old place, saved his money and bought Old Dick, how Dick had packed provisions from the railroad on his back, how they had struggled along, and then he had bought his second horse and with Old Dick's help had broken the first sod. Dick dragged the logs up from the creek to build the cabin and the barns. Dick helped to haul the first load of grain to town, and then, when he bought the new buggy, didn't he drive Old Dick over to see mother? Wasn't Old Dick along the night he proposed to mother and she accepted him?

Horses were put here on earth for man to use (didn't the Bible say so?), but somehow that thought didn't ease Ezra's mind. And then remember the night of the big storm, when mother was taken sick and the nearest neighbor was twelve miles distant, and you threw a blanket on Old Dick and he carried you safely through one of the worst storms you had ever experienced. The doctor came back with you (just in the nick of time, he said) as he told you that you were the father of twins, a boy and a girl. Didn't you go out to the barn and throw your arms around Old Dick's neck and cry for joy, and didn't Old Dick rub his soft nose on your cheek, trying to make you understand that he did it all for you?

Ezra got up out of his easy chair. Mother asked him where he was going. He replied, "Just out to the barn to see if everything is all right for the night." As he opened the barn door, there was Old Dick's empty stall. His collar and harness hung on the peg in their usual place. Then Ezra Meeker, square shooter, broke down and cried—something he had not done in years. He saw the injustice he had done to the faithful old horse, who had given the best he possessed to his master.

The next day Ezra went into the city to find Old Dick. He looked in vain. No one had any interest in an old brown horse, but Ezra was persistent and finally located Old Dick in a large city some fifty miles away, hitched to a dilapidated old cart, hauling garbage, straining every muscle in his poor old back to pull the load, under the stinging lash of the whip, but still doing his very best.

Ezra threw his arms around Old Dick's neck and Dick rubbed his soft nose on Ezra's cheek. The man asked Ezra one hundred and fifty dollars for Old Dick. Ezra paid it without a word. Old Dick meekly followed him home.

When Old Dick was back in his own stall munching his extra feed of oats—Ezra and mother were watching him enjoy the oats—Ezra grabbed mother around the waist and began to dance. Mother says: "Ezra Meeker, if you was a drinking man, I would say you had something to drink in the city." No one knew better than Old Dick why Ezra was so happy.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

A PERFECT DAY

SARA GERARD RUTHRAUFF

Director Royal Band of Mercy

*If only for one day
All the guns in the world might be idle,
All the animal traps unset,
All the shambles without slayers,
All the cattle-cars and cattle-ships
Without cargoes.
No helpless creatures
Bound—
Waiting—
With terror-stricken eyes,
For the onslaught of the merciless!
All burdens lifted from the backs of beasts.
All cruel hands tight-folded—
Nothing killed nor tortured anywhere—
Just for one day!*

GOOD ADVICE TO DRIVERS

Issued by Work-Horse Relief Association of Boston

A HEAVY draft horse should *never* be driven faster than a walk, *with or without* a load.

Do not let your horse *drive himself*, but handle the reins *gently*. *Never* jerk the reins; to do that is the sure mark of a bad driver.

If you get angry with the horse, or if the horse gets angry with you, *stop at once*. Wait a few minutes, and thus avoid a fight with your fellow-worker and friend.

Try to deliver your load with *as little backing as possible*. Backing a heavy load is apt to strain the hind legs.

Take the horse *out of the shafts* as much as possible; and if you drive a pair or four, unfasten the outside traces while the horses are standing; they will rest better that way.

Water your horse *as often as possible*. Water in *small* quantities will not hurt him, *so long as he keeps moving*.

Bring your horse in *cool and breathing easily*. If he comes in hot, he will sweat in the stable; and, also, the sudden stoppage of hard work is bad for his feet.

In hot weather or in drawing heavy loads, *watch* your horse's *breathing*. If he breathes hard, or short and quick, it is time to stop.

Saturday night, give horse a bran mash, lukewarm, and add a tablespoonful of salt-peter.

Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if his ears droop, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sun stroke and needs attention at once.

If the horse is overcome by heat, get him into the shade, *remove* harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs, and give him two ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, in a pint of water; or give him a pint of coffee warm. Cool his head at once, using cold water, or, if necessary, chopped ice, wrapped in a cloth.

Clean your horse *at night*, so that he can rest well, and clean him *thoroughly*. The salt dandruff drying on his skin makes him uncomfortable, and often produces sores under the harness.

If it is so hot that the horse sweats in the stable at night, *tie him outside*, with bedding under him. Unless he cools off during the night, he cannot well stand the next day's heat.



CONSIDER THE CAT

OLLIE BARNES

IF you are one of those morbid persons who hate cats, while your barn, and even your own residence, are turned into rat and mouse incubators, from which the whole neighborhood is supplied; and you keep your premises strewn with "rat poisons" which are usually eaten by some innocent animal—your neighbor's cat, for instance—or your own chickens, rather than by Mr. Rat, then you are a nuisance to your neighborhood, and your mind is like a mouldy garret badly in need of fresh air and sunshine.

No other domestic animal has been so much abused as the cat; and yet, with the exception of the useful birds, she is the farmer's and suburbanite's best friend.

Some persons, whose humane instincts are confined to one channel, have gone so far as to advocate killing the cat in defense of the birds; but from my own observation, I have known one misguided boy to destroy more birds in one day with a sling shot or gun than are destroyed by a dozen cats in a whole year. And yet not even the most fanatic have hinted at a campaign against the life of the small boy.

The cat that preys on birds is usually one that was left to starve by her superstitious owner when he moved away and, quite naturally, seeks her food wherever it can be found.

When treated kindly and fed properly, the cat very seldom leaves her haunts around the house and barn to seek the lives of birds.

There are never less than a score of birds' nests among the vines and shrubbery around our home in the spring; and not one has yet been destroyed by our cat. But one night we heard a great commotion on the front porch, and on investigating found Mr. Rat with the remains of a small wren, which he had taken from the nest in the clematis vine, still in his mouth; while he struggled in the firm grip of Buddy, our cat. Before Buddy became a member of our family it was almost impossible to raise any kind of fowls on the place. Brood after brood were destroyed by Mr. Rat, and even the eggs were taken from the nests. But not one little chick or egg has been lost in this way since Buddy's reign.

Besides the usefulness of the cat, there is no pet more cleanly, more affectionate, or more satisfactory to have in one's home. And when she is not all this, it is due to improper training, or ill treatment, rather than to her own instincts.

MR. SERVICE ON DOGS

THE author of "Songs of the Sourdough" and "Spell of the Yukon" has deserted the cold North for the bohemian haunts of Paris, according to *The Literary Digest*. His latest volume, "Ballads of a Bohemian" (Barse & Hopkins) contains this, to which he prefixes his own introduction. "After old men and children, I am greatly interested in dogs. I will go out of my way to caress one who shows any desire to be friendly. There is a very filthy fellow who collects cigarette stubs on the Boul' Mich', and who is always followed by a starved yellow cur. The other day I came across them in a little side street. The man was stretched on the pavement brutishly drunk and dead to the world. The dog, lying by his side, seemed to look at me with sad, imploring eyes. Though all the world despise that man, I thought, this poor brute loves him and will be faithful unto death. From this incident I wrote the verses that follow":—

The Outlaw

ROBERT W. SERVICE

A WILD and woful race he ran
Of lust and sin by land and sea;
Until, abhorred of God and man,
They swung him from the gallows-tree.
And then he climbed the Starry Stair,
And dumb and naked and alone,
With head unbowed and brazen glare,
He stood before the Judgment Throne.

The Keeper of the Records spoke:
"This man, O Lord, has mocked Thy Name,
The weak have wept beneath his yoke,
The strong have fled before his flame.
The blood of babes is on his sword;
His life is evil to the brim;
Look down, decree his doom, O Lord!
Lo! there is none will speak for him."

The golden trumpets blew a blast
That echoed in the crypts of Hell,
For there was Judgment to be passed.
And lips were hushed and silence fell.
The man was mute; he made no stir,
Erect before the Judgment Seat. . . .
When all at once a mongrel cur
Crept out and covered and licked his feet.

It licked his feet with whining cry.
Come Heav'n, come Hell, what did it care?
It leaped, it tried to catch his eye;
Its master, yea, its God, was there.
Then, as a thrill of wonder sped
Through throngs of shining seraphim,
The Judge of All looked down and said:
"Lo, here is ONE who pleads for him."

"And who shall love of these the least,
And who by word or look or deed
Shall pity show to bird or beast,
By Me shall have a friend in need.
Ay, though his sin be black as night,
And though he stand 'mid men alone,
He shall be softened in My sight,
And find a pleader by My Throne."

"So let this man to glory win;
From life to life salvation glean;
By pain and sacrifice and sin,
Until he stand before Me—CLEAN.
For he who loves the least of these
(And here I say and here repeat)
Shall win himself an angel's pleas
For Mercy at My Judgment Seat."



MEMORIAL TO NOTABLE SCOTTISH TERRIER

A ROUGH-HEWN boulder, simply cut, with the name MacGregor and the dates 1905-1921, has been placed on the beautiful grounds of the home of Dr. and Mrs. Henry D. Prescott, 26 Grove Street, New Bedford, Mass., to mark the final resting-place of their Scottish terrier, MacGregor, who died a few weeks ago. MacGregor, who was a remarkably intelligent dog, had been owned

by the Prescotts ever since he was three months old, and is supposed to be the first Scottish terrier in New Bedford. His grandfather and grandmother were the first Scottish terriers ever brought to this country. They were imported by William Bayard, ambassador to the Court of St. James, to whom they had been presented by Lord Knollys, private secretary to King Edward VII.

A DOG OF VERDUN

BORN in Verdun during the German attack in 1915, "Tringlot," an Irish terrier, was found as the only remaining living thing in the ruins of a home, and was adopted by Professor Cons of Princeton. The dog was taught to be a message carrier and proved of valuable assistance to the professor, who was in charge of a listening post on the front line trenches, and later of deciphering the German code as it was picked up between the lines.

Tringlot carried messages between the trenches through shell fire and gas. He was equipped with a little gas mask, but finally was overcome. He recovered and performed faithful duty for ten months more. He was brought to America in 1919, by Professor Cons, but succumbed recently, presumably from the effects of gas inhaled during his war service.

ON CHAINING DOGS

TO chain up, week after week, the most vivacious, sociable and active of animals is a brutality so great that it is marvellous that it has ever been permitted. OUIDA

THE COST OF FURS

FORMER United States Commissioner of Education, P. P. Claxton, pointed out that the \$300,000,000 paid for furs in the United States, in 1920, is more than twice the cost of all higher education in colleges, universities, and professional and technical schools, whether supported by public taxation or privately endowed.

TO HUB: JUST A DOG

IN the back files of a small Ohio daily is an obituary of Hub—just a dog. The following paragraphs taken from it seem to afford a glimpse into the hidden depths of the man who wrote it:

"It isn't orthodox to ascribe a soul to a dog. But Hub was loving and loyal, with a jealousy that tests its quality. He was reverent, patient, faithful. He was sympathetic, more than humanly so sometimes, for no lure could be devised to call him from the sick bed of mistress or master. He minded his own affairs—especially worthy of human emulation. He was modest and submissive where these were becoming, yet he assumed a guardianship of the home he sentined until entry was properly vouched. He couldn't speak our language, though he somehow understood. But he could be and was eloquent with uttering eye and wagging tail and the other expressions of knowing dogs. No, perhaps he had no soul, but in these things are the essence of soul and the spirit of lovable life.

"Whether the Creator planned it so, or environment and human companionship made it so, men may learn richly through the love and fidelity of a brave and devoted dog. Such loyalty might easily add luster to a crown of immortality."

The author of this tribute was Warren G. Harding, now President of the United States.

AMID all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. MAETERLINCK

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1921

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

TAGGING HORSES EARS BY THE AMERICAN RAILWAY EXPRESS

WHEN we wrote the brief word on the first page about the horses of the American Railway Express Company, we did not think the outcome of the case would be known in time for publication in this issue. The decision of the Court, however, was given just before *Our Dumb Animals* goes to press. A year ago the Company sent its stable Superintendent to us to know if our Society would object to its identifying its horses by punching a hole through the ear and inserting a metal tag. We said we believed it would be a violation of the statute which forbids causing unnecessary suffering, and as there were other means of keeping track of the horses, we said we hoped they would not do it. If they did, however, we should have to let the court decide whether or not it was an act of cruelty.

Recently a complaint came to us that it was being done. We sent an officer and a veterinarian to the stables and found a man from New York who claimed to be a veterinarian, but who afterwards denied that he was, standing on a box, and with an old, rusty, nicked harness punch piercing a horse's ear. The punch was so dull that the man had both hands on it and had to squeeze it twice before he could pierce the ear. Another man was holding the horse with a twitch on its nose. Both men were arrested. At the trial several veterinarians appeared against the Society, but the Court sustained our action, deciding that the act was a cruel one, wholly unnecessary, and imposed a fine of \$200.

Many will say that State and Federal authorities insert metal tags in the ears of cattle tested for tuberculosis, and in the ears of swine treated for hog cholera. True, but in that case it is done in the interest of the public health; and furthermore our claim was that the ear of the horse is a much more sensitive organ than that of the hog or the cow. No argument was brought forward to show that this method of identifying the horse was demanded by necessity, or in the interests of anything except the Company's ideas of efficiency.

We hope all humane societies throughout the country will take notice of this conviction and endeavor to stop this method of marking horses should it be attempted in other cities or towns.

ANNOUNCEMENT

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President of the American Humane Education Society, Boston, Mass., will be glad to speak to teachers and others in assembly in normal schools and colleges on the importance of Humane Education in such institutions. No subject can be more vital to the future welfare of the country than this. Will any educator question the following words of Ralph Adams Cram in his recent Phi Beta Kappa address at the Harvard Commencement:

"The 'Age of Reason' has found its issue at last in an interlude of singular unreason. We have followed it far enough and we must know that the methods that brought us to this pass will not serve for extrication. It is not justice we need, but mercy; not wisdom but enlightenment. If the intellect cannot save, may not that higher faculty, the emotional factor of the interior and essential man, which is the channel of supernatural grace, living and having its being in the realm of physical and spiritual beauty, and testing all things by its judgments?"

In a recent lecture, in speaking of the problems connected with cruelty and crime, Dr. Rowley said: "How are we going to arrive at a solution of these problems? By Humane Education. The awakening and fostering in the heart primarily of the child of the spirit of compassion, and the reaction of this spirit expressing itself in conduct and life, upon the character of the child, is the fundamental thing in Humane Education."

Appointments for lectures can be made by communicating with the Secretary. Address, Guy Richardson, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM E. PUTNAM
MISS SARAH J. EDDY
C. K. BOLTON

PUTTING KITTENS TO SLEEP

THE majority of people believe it a positive kindness not to keep all the kittens born. Multitudes grow up to swell the numbers of homeless, starving strays at the mercy of a more or less cruel world. But how put them to sleep with no conscious suffering to them? It is generally difficult to do this with chloroform.

The proper way, before their eyes are open and within a few days after they are born, is to take a bucket rather more than half full of warm, not hot, water; put in the kittens, and then put another bucket of water as far as it will go into the first. Do not drown them in the presence of the mother, and be sure to leave her one alive. Do not let this be done by children. Leave the kittens in the water a full half hour. The situation in the warm water is not greatly different from their pre-natal one, and they go to sleep without suffering.

If it is a cat to be put to sleep, we know of no better way than the following:—

Saturate some absorbent cotton, or a sponge, or bunch of cloth, with two ounces of good chloroform. While the cat is eating or lying quietly, place over it a box, or tub or bucket, being as careful as possible not to frighten it. Raise one side of the box high enough to admit the saturated substance underneath, then lower quickly and place a weight on top sufficient to prevent any possible escape of the cat. Never use the chloroform in such a

way as to bring it into direct contact with the cat's nose or eyes. Do not disturb the box for at least half an hour. If these instructions have been followed with care, the animal's life will be extinct and the taking of it will have been done in a humane manner.

GALSWORTHY'S WRATH

JOHN GALSWORTHY, the distinguished Englishman, outraged over such cruelties and barbarisms as are still characterizing English life, viz., the present inhumane methods of slaughter, the traffic in plumage, in old horses, and the neglect of little children, says:—

"One and all they are removable, and many of them by small expenditure of parliamentary time, public money, and expert care. Almost any one of them is productive of more suffering to innocent and helpless creatures, human or not, and probably of more secret harm to our spiritual life, more damage to human nature than, for example, the admission or rejection of tariff reform, the disestablishment or preservation of the Welsh Church. And I say it is rotten that, for mere want of parliamentary interest and time, we cannot have manifest and stinking sores such as these treated and banished once for all from the nation's body. I say it is rotten that due time and machinery cannot be found to deal with these and other barbarities to man and beast, concerning which, in the main, no real controversy exists. Rotten that their removal should be left to the mercy of the ballot, to private members' bills, liable to be obstructed, or to the hampered and inadequate efforts of societies unsupported by legislation."

All this is equally true in the United States. Congress can wrangle for months over matters that are positively trivial except from the point of view of politics, while more than 110,000,000 four-footed food animals are annually subjected to wholly needless suffering and torture in the process of being slaughtered. And Congress could stop this brutality in our methods of slaughter if it could forget politics and personal issues even for a few days at a time, and had even a fair modicum of moral courage.

REPORT OF PHILIPPINE S. P. C. A.

THE annual report of the Philippine S. P. C. A. shows that organization to be engaged most actively in the work of bettering the condition of animals in the Islands. During 1920 there were 1,436 arrests, with 1,434 convictions. Of these cases over 1,000 were horses suffering with galls. Thirty-four dogs were under treatment by the Society, and 20 animals were humanely destroyed, while homes were provided for 138 animals, mostly horses. During the first three months of 1921 the Society made 395 arrests and secured a conviction in each case.

THE clergyman of a poor parish was showing a rich lady around, hoping to touch her heart and so receive a big check for his people.

"We are now passing through the poorest slums," he said, as the car turned into a side street. "These people have little to brighten their lives."

"I must do something for them," sighed the lady, adding to the chauffeur: "James, drive the car slowly and turn on the big lamps."



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	713
Animals inspected	5,748
Number of prosecutions	14
Number of convictions	14
Horses taken from work	117
Horses humanely destroyed	54
Small animals humanely destroyed	628

Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	66,944
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	97

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$7,070 (balance) from the estate of Sarah D. Magill of Springfield; \$1,000 from George F. Simpson of Newton; \$50 (additional) from the estate of Emily S. Neal of Boston, and \$50 from Daniel F. Chessman of Sandwich.

It has received gifts of \$200 each from W. H., and two New York friends; \$100 each from Mrs. H. M. B., F. A. T., and E. J.; \$50 each from Miss M. H. T., and Miss M. C. S.; \$35 from Hon. P. A. D.; \$25 each from Mrs. H. S. S., G. H. N., J. D. W., Mrs. R. S. R., Miss C. H., Miss M. W., H. D. W., Mrs. C. A. H., and E. W. H.; and \$20 each from Miss E. G. H., and Mrs. S. F. C.

The Society had been remembered in the wills of Lyman Gibbs of Roxbury and Edward A. Carroll of Boston.

July 12, 1921.

THE appropriation of over \$450,000,000 for the navy makes it our first line of expense.

SADDLE HORSE FOR SALE

FOR SALE: A chestnut saddle and driving horse. Excellent for either use. Absolutely sound, very gentle, a great pet, and absolutely safe. Selling through no fault of horse. Will carry 180 pounds. For further information, apply to Julian A. Cameron, Westford, Middlesex County, Mass.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S., *Chief Veterinarian*
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Resident*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Assistants*
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

Hospital	Cases entered	399	Free Dispensary	Cases	444
Dogs	288		Dogs	317	
Cats	71		Cats	113	
Horses	30		Horses	9	
Birds	4		Birds	5	
Rabbits	2				
Goat	1				
Squirrel	1				
Rat	1				
Monkey	1				
Operations	213				
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15,		22,916			
Free Dispensary cases				27,380	
Total					50,296

A PRACTICAL MEMORIAL

FROM Florence R. Smith, secretary, we received the following note, accompanied by a gift for the Angell Animal Hospital:—

I am sending the enclosed contribution in loving memory of "Happy Thompson," a dear little dog who died on June 26, 1920. As she was a most gentle, affectionate little creature, full of love for everyone, it seems a more fitting tribute to her memory to do something for some other suffering animal than to put flowers on Happy's grave. Her master is William Thompson, F. R. G. S., the author and traveler, whose constant companion she was for the twelve years of her life, traveling with him thousands of miles, and even penetrating the Arctic Circle on a visit to the Eskimos.

SECOND ANNUAL FAIR

THE Women's Auxiliary of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital announces that the second annual Fair for the benefit of the Hospital will be held at the Society's building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, on Friday and Saturday, December 2 and 3. All our friends everywhere, especially women friends, are asked to prepare and to gather as many saleable articles as they can and to forward them in good season for this occasion. The Auxiliary was organized by the women who were so successful with the Fair held for the Hospital last November.

BOSTON HORSES WATERED

WATERING of horses in Boston by the special summer service of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. began June 27. Three hydrant stations at central points have been opened, in addition to the service of the Society's traveling water cart which daily covers a route in the sections where traffic is most congested. Special gifts are solicited for this work, which necessitates much extra expense.

THE TRUFFLE-HUNTING PIG

HOW many of our readers know that pigs are trained to hunt truffles? How many know what a truffle is? The truffle is an edible fungus growth found in certain parts of Europe, growing a few inches underground, and is considered a delicacy for the table. Dogs are often trained to find them. They learn to detect the presence of the truffle under the surface of the soil by a faint odor given out by the truffle. The dog, when over the spot, stops and pats the ground with his paw. Then the man digs up the truffle. Strange to say, the pig is a very clever truffle finder. It has been said that so keen is the scent of one well-trained that a sow has been known to run in a direct line one hundred and fifty feet snuffing toward a point where two or three inches underground lay a truffle. Should the pig root it up and attempt to eat it, he is punished. Generally, however, when properly trained, he merely stands over it and grunts till it is dug up by the truffle hunter. Who would have thought that a pig could have so fine a sense of smell as sometimes to outrival the dog?

THE CAT IN ENGLAND

WHAT do English magistrates think about the people who abandon their cats, or drop them by the wayside far from home? This clipping from *The Animal World*, London, will tell us what the Southwick magistrates at least thought:—

"The male defendant said they did not want the cat. In reply to the Magistrates' Clerk, he said it was against his nature to take life, and he thought he would give the cat a sporting chance of getting another home.

"The Magistrates' Clerk: 'A very sporting chance. Why didn't you send it to the lethal chamber?'

"The female defendant said they thought of that when it was too late.

"The male defendant said he did not think there was any obligation on him to keep the cat.

"The Magistrates' Clerk: 'If you keep a cat, you must look after it, or get rid of it in the proper way.'

"Defendants were each fined £1, and ordered to pay £2 2s, solicitor's fee."

MURDEROUS MOTORISTS

A CORRESPONDENT in southeastern Massachusetts writes this significant comment about a practise that is altogether too common in all sections of the land:—

"I have been stirred to anger by the deliberate destruction of animal life upon the road by motor cars. There may be times when it's impossible to avoid hitting hens, dogs, etc., without danger to occupants of the car or to the cars approaching, but in my own experience I have never seen the time when a flock of hens, and most dogs and cats, would not leave the road if the motor horn were persistently blown in time.

"I have seen cars turn deliberately out of their way to pursue and kill hens, dogs, cats, turtles, etc., the act accompanied by the laughter and approval of the occupants of the car. I wondered what psychological effect these acts had on the perpetrators, and if those who knocked down children and old people and then ran away came from this class!"



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
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MOVING FORWARD IN IDAHO

MRS. JENNIE R. NICHOLS, of Tacoma, our Washington representative, visited the annual state meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association at Boise, Idaho, early last month. A leading place was given her on the program. She also addressed the Good Citizenship Club, of the city, and several other groups of people on Humane Education. At the general convention, and also at the Citizenship Club, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

Inasmuch as the Parent-Teachers' Association stresses its department which regards as debasing Wild West shows and similar entertainments, we therefore pledge ourselves to cut out all state fairs and other gatherings that feature such entertainments, and as citizens and taxpayers of Idaho we demand that all fairs or other organizations receiving state or county appropriations provide suitable substitutes for these objectionable features.

CONDITIONS IN VENEZUELA

Beasts of Burden Well Treated—Bull-Fights Patronized by Americans

OUR representative in Venezuela, Mr. D. D. Fitch, writes from Caracas as follows:

"Some months ago I visited most of the coach stables and tacked up the Plegario del Caballo (Prayer of a Horse) and today I have visited some of the owners to see how we could best co-operate in the distribution of the literature you sent me. The owner of the largest livery stable wishes fifty more of the "Plegario," and another, twenty-five.

"I have been out in the interior of the Republic lately and took a small quantity of the humane literature with me. I was especially interested in the wild animals that I saw on the trip, monkeys, alligators, parrots, and other birds. As far as I saw, the beasts of burden are well used and well cared for. They are mostly saddle, pack and cart animals. These are treated much better than the same class of animals in Porto Rico. Here in Caracas the owners and drivers of the cart animals seem to take pride in decorating and keeping well oiled the harness of the animal. Naturally when a man takes an interest in the looks of the harness he does not want a bunch of bones under it. Then, too, there is quite an abundance of feed here for the animals.

"The bull-fights, the cock-fights, and the method of slaughtering animals are the three big things that deserve attention here. I have never attended a bull-fight, although I have spent a number of years in Mexico and Spanish-America, and I am a bit proud of it. I can see all the bull-fight I want by visiting the slaughter-house here in Caracas. As in Cuba, they practise the nape stab, and when they are not in a hurry, they amuse themselves and their associates by showing their bravery, stabbing the bull in the nose to infuriate the bull to get him to make a lunge at them. They know they are quite secure from danger, as the floor is smooth cement and covered with blood, and the bull is sure to fall down many times.

"Political conditions are such that it makes it a bit delicate to interfere too much in the established customs. If Americans who visit and work here did not patronize the bull-fight, those of us who do not favor them might have more influence."

THE FILIPINO DOG TRAFFIC

REFERENCE has been made in our columns to the cruel traffic in dogs among the Philippine Igorrotes. The dog market at Baguio was a scene of misery and suffering that made the eyes, ears and hearts of the humane ache constantly. The governor of the province put a stop to this concentrated cruelty at Baguio. Recent information, however, has come to the effect that the traffic in dogs is being carried on as briskly and shamelessly as before, but privately, and hence it is more widely spread. The semi-savage Igorrotes are loath to give up the heathenish custom of eating dog flesh. Since their infamous market place was closed, they have been getting the dogs by frequent depredations all over the province of Nueva Ecija.

The Philippine S. P. C. A. is putting forth its best efforts to suppress the cruelties of this long-standing traffic, and is in need of friends and funds to assist it.

WRECKED

FLORENCE H. SUCKLING
Romsey, England

ENGLISH humanitarians are deploring the downfall of their hopes of seeing the bill to prohibit the training of performing animals for the purpose of public entertainment become law, this session. In the House of Commons, on June 4, it was lost, at the third reading, by 69 votes against 60, and Commander Kenworthy, R. N. M. P., decided to withdraw, rather than to amend it, at least for the time being. The cause of performing animals has evoked widespread sympathy among all classes, and the press has been recalling the fact that in July, next year, it will be one hundred years ago when, at a time that all cruelty to animals was permissible, Richard Martin succeeded in passing the first Act to "prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle." That was in July, 1822, and between that year and this lie wonderful years of progress in civilization, but the rejection of the performing animals' bill looks as if we had not made an end of Dick Martin's unfinished job.

Some change has been, and the appetite for certain butchery sports seems to have died down since they were forbidden by succeeding Acts of Parliament to protect animals. We are ashamed now, as a nation, when we think of ancient barbarians at the time when, in the reign of Henry VII, a mare was torn to pieces at Windsor Castle by famished dogs for amusement of royal guests. When Nicholas of Russia visited England in the nineteenth century, he was taken to see dogs worry a bull, but it is not to be imagined that we could have carried the Japanese Crown Prince to any such spectacle of torment and blood.

We have made laws that deny this pleasure to the man who loved to see the bull baited, and to watch worrying of the blinded bear, but we have still to make laws that shall deal with the fool whose poor wits are amused by the performing dog, and the trained elephant. You may not reason with him, for there must be something in these spectacles that is dear to the heart of this class. Something that we others shall never understand; we, who can see the beauty and the wonder of our brothers, the beasts. When I have dined, I play with my cat, and she plays with me. She has a hundred pussy tricks that banish sadness. Her enemy, the fool, has no eyes for her and her like; he will look at her only when pain and fear have driven her, trembling, to some unseemly and uncatlike antics. For that he will pay his money and laugh his foolish laugh.

We do not wear blue coats and brass buttons as did those old-fashioned gentlemen, who jeered at the folly of "Humanity Martin," but are we really any more advanced in the hundred years, in our hearts and our brains?

DRASTIC LAW IN FLORIDA

THROUGH the efforts of Mrs. R. Fleming Bowden, president of the Jacksonville Humane Society, a bill was enacted in Florida, in June, prohibiting the exhibition, for pay, in that state, of any crippled or physically distorted, malformed or disfigured man, woman, or child, and also prohibiting the exhibition, for pay, of any crippled or physically distorted, malformed, or disfigured beast, bird, or animal. Heavy penalties are provided for those convicted of breaking this law.

THE THRUSH

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn-bush

That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound

With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modeled it within with wood and clay.

CLARE

THE QUEEN BANS PLUMAGE

ORDERS recently given by Queen Mary to her milliners that no plumage of wild birds should be used for any of her hats, cannot fail to exercise a far-reaching influence, says a special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*.

For the edict means the Queen has joined in the crusade against the destruction of the most beautiful of the wild feathered tribes, and from henceforth headgear, the plumage of which indicates it has cost the life of one or more wild birds, will be subject to the ban of the Court of St. James.

Queen Mary is already assured of the support of her mother-in-law, Queen Alexandra, who is never seen with a feathered toque, and through whose influence during the reign of her husband, Edward VII, the wearing of egrets' feathers was virtually put out of fashion in Great Britain.

Nowhere will this decree of Queen Mary be received with more sympathy than in India, where the natives have always regarded the use of birds' feathers for adornment as a form of revolting barbarism, and as offensive to all their religious prejudices.

WANTON DESTRUCTION

DOWN on the waterfront Hugh Brady sits and watches the gulls of the Willamette, curving their white wings in the graceful foray that begs for bread and peanuts. Many years ago, says Hugh, he brought one down with a piece of driftwood—a broken-winged, fluttering sea bird that never again would coast above the harbor and meet the ships. A lounging Indian, witness to the thoughtless cruelty, turned upon the slayer and gave him grave reproof. "Why do you kill that bird?" he asked. "His life is his own. Can you eat him now? An Indian would not kill in this manner."

The indictment of vain and cruel slaughter is a heavy one. The roseate spoonbill and the egret died because they were beautiful—because man admired them. The buffalo vanished from the plains for no other reason than that his hide brought a few dimes to the hunters. Upon bird and beast the plague of human cruelty, of disregard for the right of life, has levied terrible toll. It is true that man is carnivorous of appetite and that natural law bids him prey upon the lower animals for his own sustenance and industrial designs. But nowhere in printed word or in conscience is there a text that upholds him in wanton destruction.

—Portland Oregonian

I WOULD not hurt a living thing,
However weak or small;
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,
Our Father made them all.

The Flicker

WINTHROP PACKARD

Secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

THE big galvanized ventilator that surmounted an old-time school-house once used to be of great interest to me, for it seemed to attract unusual birds. One day I watched it breathlessly for a brief ecstatic ten minutes, for it served as a perch for the most magnificent bird I have ever seen. I spotted it afar, approaching through the blue depths of the sky, noted the serene sweep of its soaring flight, changed later to a long coast toward

away. It was not that. He simply was proclaiming spring joy to all the world, and he did it daily for weeks until his nine children in the poplar stub got so big and clamorous for food that he had no more time for concerts.

The northern flicker is a useful bird, living on insects, with a great fondness for ants, which constitute about forty-five per cent of its food. It lights on an ant hill, thrusts its long bill into the hill, then out of that protrudes its longer tongue covered with sticky saliva, to which the ants stick and are thus removed to new fields of usefulness. Some flickers winter with us living on berries and such frozen insects as they can find, sleeping snug in a nesting hole or a hollow stub, grateful for a bird-house, or, failing these, perfectly capable of digging a hole through the corner-board of a church or unoccupied house and finding lodging therein. In some sections the flicker incurs dislike because of this, but the remedy is easy. Plenty of convenient flicker-size bird-houses will take his mind off such matters, and the flicker is so useful a bird that he is well worth the trouble.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE—CAPTIVE

JUNE WAINRIGHT

I HAVE visited the zoos of the largest cities of the United States. I have seen an elephant, driven mad by captivity, goaded into being a killer of men, and then kept chained for years, with but a few inches to move in either direction, simply that its captors might be safe from its avenging madness.

Many heart-breaking scenes have I witnessed, with my soul in helpless agony, but nothing has made me quite so sad as to behold our American eagle, symbol of our country, emblem of its free spirit, confined in a cage that is not, in comparison, one tenth as large as that allotted ordinarily to a canary. Saddest part of this life tragedy, these birds could not exist now, even were they given their freedom. The mark of the captive is upon them, and, in very loathing of the touch of slavery, their mates of the free air would destroy them, thus, almost in mercy, completing the work of destruction commenced by—Man.

Standing, reluctantly, in front of the eagles' cages, I sought in vain to attract attention, not to disturb, but to try if reaction could be produced by my friendly overtures. Never in my life have I felt such self-abasement. I was beneath their notice or contempt, nor could I attract the least interest. They continued to stare out into space, out into the great, free world from which they had been brought. Oh, once proud, majestic bird, can it be possible that thus enchained, thou dost but shadow forth the fate of a nation that should declare for thy exemption?

What would some of us think if we could see ourselves as our captive animals see us? Would we be flattered could they express their opinion as gaze meets gaze?

HOW far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

SHAKESPEARE



Photo by L. W. Brownell

ADULT FLICKER

the school-house where, to my joy and amazement, it lighted on the ventilator. The sun shone clear on its white head and tail, and I knew it to be a bald eagle.

Again, one winter when we had one of those rare incursions of snowy owls from the north, gazing from the window when I should have been at my books, I saw one of these birds hawking in full day. The sun shone clear on his snowy plumage as he dipped as if to enter by the window, then slanted buoyantly upward beyond my vision, but I heard the clink of the ventilator as his feet touched it, and I knew that, like the eagle, he had chosen it for his perch.

But, most of all, one spring the ventilator interested me because of its daily use by a flicker. He would light upon it, clutching some convenient projection, his tail stiffened down against it as if it were really a tree, and pause a moment, looking this way and that. Then his head would lose shape in a sort of blur so rapid were its vibrations as he hammered out a rolling drum-beat tattoo on the metal. Here was instrumental music, if you please, the spring song of the flicker, a song without words, but made resonantly audible for half a mile around. We used to think him foolishly trying to dig a nesting hole in the metal, but I later learned better when I found his nest in the old poplar stub not far



UNIQUE BIRD HOUSE

This tree is made of cement and is so constructed as to provide ideal homes for the birds

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

BUOYS IN AIR

CATHERINE MALLOY BLOOM

NOT long since the bird lover was privileged to enter a beautiful walled garden. Trees, vines, roses, and azaleas were there, and other fine flowers growing in profusion. Under some huge pepper trees was a delectable pool with water trickling over the rocks of its margin, making one feel that a bit of woodland had been picked up and set down in that charming city of Southern California. And the peace of a spring morning cast its spell over all. The voice of the lovely lady who welcomed us to the garden was the only sound till a faint tone as of fairy bells was heard. When the lady of the garden noticed the inquiring look on the face of the bird lover, she took her up on the steps of the house. There, hanging before a large and very shining window, were several tiny bells. Suspended from each was a long strip of paper, quite like the poems which in Japan are hung on the cherry trees when they are in bloom.

The lady of the garden said the pool invited the birds to drink and bathe, and the clear, shining window, reflecting the beauty of the garden, lured them to their death as they dashed against it in flight. So those who dwelt in the house of the lovely garden had placed these little bells, with their fluttering papers, before the window to warn them of danger. The faint ringing of the bells reminded the bird lover of buoys placed in the ocean to tell the mariners to beware.

Of course the bird lover knew what valuable little workers the birds are in a garden; but as so many flower lovers she has known seem unwilling or unable to understand it, she expressed surprise that one who had so much growing should wish to warn the little feathered folk. The lady of the garden smiled as she said: "Oh, yes, they will eat some tender plants when they first come up; but we cover them with wire netting till they grow larger. And if they do get a few of our plants, we feel they earn them, they render us such service by destroying insects and by singing their joyous songs." Then, as if he had heard her, a little white-crowned sparrow in a near-by bush burst into song.

THE ACOLYTE

F. R. JEROME

FROM garden wall

A complin call

Floats clear as altar bell.

It is a lark calling on Dark

To leave its cell.

OUR "HALL OF FAME"

WE have handsomely framed in our Memorial Hall the names of those who, since the foundation of our two Societies, have kindly remembered them in their wills. Wherever we have been able to obtain the portraits or photographs of these generous friends we have done so, and these also hang upon the walls of our "Hall of Fame."

A FRENCHMAN learning English said to his tutor: "English is a queer language. What does this sentence mean: 'Should Mr. Noble, who sits for this constituency, consent to stand again and run he will in all probability have a walkover?'"

HOW SOME INSECTS WALK ON WATER

THE insects most frequently seen walking on water are the water-striders—narrow-bodied, long-legged true bugs that go sliding about the surface of ponds and small streams. In fact, a little girl who was watching them with me today misunderstood me and improved the name by calling them water-sliders. When moving, they slide on the front and hind legs, pushing with the middle pair. Usually only the middle and hind pairs of legs touch the water when the insect is at rest, but they dent the surface, as may be seen by looking very closely. Indirect evidence on this point may be had, if the insects are on a shallow pool with no vegetation and the sun be shining, by watching the shadows on the bottom. There may be a central shadow cast by the insect's body, but there are sure to be shadows of the dents made by the legs on the water. The shadows of these dents are each surrounded by a bright ring, due to refraction of the sun's rays as they pass through the curved surface.

Now try an experiment. Steel is much heavier, in proportion to its bulk, than an insect, and so would sink more readily. Take a small needle oiled by rubbing it on your hair and very carefully lay it lengthwise on the surface of water in a tumbler. It will bend down the surface of the water, but it will not sink. Wet a needle that is not oily and you cannot make it float.

The surface of even the cleanest water acts as though it were an elastic film, like the films of soap bubbles. Dry, not easily wet objects, pressing down on this film will bend it quite a bit before they break it. So it is with our water-striders—or sliders. Their feet, covered with a velvety pile that is not easily wet, are placed flat on the water, and the insects' weight is so little in proportion to the surface of "film" upon which the feet rest that they do not break through.

Some insects that live under the water also make use of this interesting physical fact. The larvae of mosquitoes—the all too common wrigglers or pole-dodgers, such as live in rain-barrels—are heavier than water. By dint of much effort they wriggle themselves up to the surface, and there they seem to stick by their tails. These tails are really tubes through which the insect breathes. The opening to this tube is provided with flaps and, as soon as the tip of the tube breaks the surface of the water, the flaps open out like the petals of a flower, and there floats the wriggler with its breathing apparatus open to the air. When it wishes to descend, it closes the flaps, and then, there not being enough surface spread out on the water to hold it up, the wriggler slowly sinks without any further effort on its part.

FRANK E. LUTZ in the Totem Board

DRY BOSTON

A PARTY of doctors attending the recent medical convention in Boston were making a tour of inspection at the Angell Animal Hospital. Standing before a dog very sick with auto-intoxication, one of the fraternity remarked, "What! been drinking too heavily?" We assured him of the contrary, stating that all public drinking places for dogs and horses had been tightly closed in Boston for several years by order of our State Cattle Bureau.

"Well, we aren't finding it so dry this week," he added.

RURAL PROBLEMS

MRS. JEANNIE LAFLIN CRANE-
COUCH

Late President of the Berkshire (Mass.) Animal Rescue
League

THE two greatest barriers to progress in the elimination of cruelty are ignorance and indifference, and these flourish chiefly in the rural communities. This is owing to the almost universal lack of humane education in small towns and villages.

How shall we awaken the humane impulse in rural communities? How arouse those in whose hands lies the power to produce the results we so ardently desire? There are two pre-eminently important methods, the educational and the legislative, the one our chief instrument of reform, the other the auxiliary. Education has always been and must always be the indispensable condition of humanitarian progress, therefore it is clear that humane education should be a part of the public school curriculum. As long as the attitude of the majority of parents and instructors is one of cynical indifference to the rights of animals, it may be doubted whether the youthful mind will be particularly impressed with the lesson of humanity.

The crying need of the age is greater organization, originality of method and powerful aggressiveness in the anti-cruelty campaign. The efforts that humane societies are making must be supplemented and strengthened by a general crusade against cruelty in every form. The public should be confronted with all the revolting aspects of cruelty to animals practised in this Christian land in this "enlightened" twentieth century. "A good man," said Plutarch, "will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service." Our good Christians of the present day seem hardly to have improved upon the ethics of the old "pagan."

Motion pictures, if utilized to show concrete examples of prevailing evils, might become powerful moral agencies. For example, the torturing checkrein, and blinders, and the iniquity of hunting and trapping might be shown in a manner which would stir the apathetic public to drastic action.

We need a greater number of humane leaders able to utilize the material at hand and to create publicity in every community.

The power of publicity is incalculable. The constant use of the press is a necessity in every modern movement, and a humane column in a newspaper is desirable. We need, moreover, the humane doctrine in sermons and addresses, and we should unremittingly conduct our educational propaganda through other societies and clubs.

To this must be added the personal touch, the dissemination of humane literature, leaflets, journals, and books, amongst libraries and schools, as well as the pictures of dogs and horses, so dear to the heart of childhood, which exert an influence of which the child is at the time unconscious.

No community is too poor to support some sort of a clearing-house or temporary shelter for domestic animals. Disregarding this duty toward homeless and friendless dogs, cats, and aged horses renders a humane society extremely reprehensible.

Our humane organizations do not fight existing evils with sufficient belligerency, fearing possibly to antagonize hoped-for support. The fear of derision deprives us of many adherents and accounts for the apologetic attitude that the workers themselves too often assume. Derision of our noble cause has its source in a lack of training and of psychological insight. Only by the cultivation of a spirit strong enough to break with old traditional opinions and prejudices and of a mind open to conviction, can one attain complete intellectual independence.

TWO circuses came to Boston. The first was prevented from desecrating Memorial Day with parading publicly; the second strangely respected our public morals in omitting the parade altogether.

THE Republic of Panama has this on its coat of arms: "The repudiation of war, and homage to the arts which flourish in peace and in labor." Panama has no debt and no standing army.

HEINE as a lad was foolish enough occasionally to expend his pocket money in the purchase from the hard-hearted country lads of larks and linnets, thrushes and blackbirds, with the sole object of their liberation."

THE COMMON SENSE OF IT

DAVID H. TALMADGE

TWO ranchers met in front of a cream station in an Oregon village one morning not long ago, and presently, after the usual questions regarding the health of their families and the condition of their crops had been asked and answered, one of them said, "I got the highest test on my milk this morning that I have had yet." The other smiled somewhat ruefully. "I didn't," he said. Then he continued, "I don't understand it. My cows are the same as yours. They are fed the same food under similar conditions. Why does your milk test higher?"

The other rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Do you talk to your cows?" he asked, after a moment.

"Talk to 'em? I should say not—except when I want 'em to mind."

"Do you treat them as if they were human beings—with the same consideration for their feelings, I mean?"

"I certainly do not. Why should I? They are not human beings."

"Do you bat them occasionally, and permit the children to chase them around once in a while, and run them in for milking at times when you happen to be in a hurry?"

"Yes, but they are never abused."

"Well, I reckon that is the reason you don't get a high test on your milk. Abuse is a matter of differing opinion. A pestered cow is pretty apt to give pestered milk, just as a pestered man or woman is more than likely to get inferior results from effort. The cows that hold the big butter fat records of the world are petted cows. It is simply a matter of common sense. The rule that we get out of anything only what we put in applies here. We put in Good and Good comes back to us in the form of butter fat. It is the same with chickens and with swine."

The other man laughed somewhat sniffingly. "Sounds to me more like a religion than principle of stock raising. Sort of an odd notion, ain't it?"

"Maybe so, but it works. The results are positive. Of course, some men know how to be considerate to animals and others do not know how. Those who do not know how should learn how. It is sound business policy. And it makes stock raising and dairying a whole lot more pleasant and enjoyable, aside from the added profit it brings in money."

A short time later the man whose cows tested poorly took his check to the bank.

"I'm goin' to begin to bring you in bigger checks pretty soon," he said mysteriously to the cashier. "I—I think it's pretty much tommyrot, but I'm goin' to try it."

"Bigger checks—tommyrot—" The cashier was plainly puzzled. But before he could ask for an explanation, the farmer had gone out whistling.

GOOD PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

THE study of geography, and of foreign languages, on which I have insisted in season and out of season, cannot fail to teach that the more you travel, and the more kinds of people you see, the more you are convinced that there are good people everywhere, and that they are very much like us. Calling people froggies, wops, dagoes, sheenies, or niggers is a very poor way to study geography or to make friends.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER



A VACATION POSE

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and one new Bands of Mercy were reported in June. Of these 107 were in schools of Rhode Island; 102 in schools of Connecticut; 73 in schools of Massachusetts; eleven in Maine; seven in Texas, and one in New Jersey.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 133,799

BANDS IN MASSACHUSETTS

OUR state organizer of Bands of Mercy, Miss Ella A. Maryott, during the last four months of school, visited the towns of Ipswich, Milton, Norton, Dracut, Tyngsboro and Tewksbury, and the city of Lowell, in which she organized a total of 380 Bands, comprising 14,671 pupils.

COULDN'T PART WITH COLLIE

THE Scotsman's love for his collie is well shown in the following good story from the *Boston Globe*:

An American tourist in Scotland took a great fancy to a handsome collie he saw and offered to buy it. The owner asked some questions and on learning that it was the would-be purchaser's intention to take Jock to America, he refused to part with the dog. Just then an English tourist came along and he also made a bid for the collie, which, although less than the first offer, was finally accepted. The American was annoyed, and when the Englishman had departed he said, "You told me you wouldn't sell your dog." "Na, na," replied the canny Scot. "I said I couldna part wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or two, never fear. But he couldna swim the Atlantic."

IT IS NOT EASY

TO apologize,
To begin over,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To keep on trying,
To be considerate,
To avoid mistakes,
To endure success,
To keep out of the rut,
To think and then act,
To forgive and forget,
To make the best of little,
To subdue an unruly temper,
To maintain a high standard,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
To recognize the silver lining—
But it always pays.

—Ohio Educational Monthly



A CLASS IN DRAWING FROM THE MARTIN SCHOOL, BOSTON, SKETCHING THE ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

"WE WILL BE KIND"

CHAS. B. MAGENNIS

Editor of *The Creston News*, Grand Rapids, Mich.

TWO fine, up-standing boys, in the uniform of Boy Scouts, were standing on the brow of a hill some hundreds of yards away. They were waving their signal flags with a grace and assurance that spoke of confidence and experience—much more experience, in fact, than they had ever had!

On the lawn in front of our house were grouped the rest of Troop No. 46—grouped around two of their number, one with signal flags and the other with pencil and pad, writing down the signalled message:—

"W-E W-I-L-L B-E K-I-N-D T-O
A-N-I-M-A-L-S"

The boy with the pad read the message off, and turned to me.

"Is that right, sir?"

"Yes, sir, that's fine," I replied.

You see, I had been signally honored. Men sometimes feel honored when the governor, or maybe just the mayor, comes to see them, or when they receive a friendly letter from their United States Senator, with his mysterious legend in one corner of the envelope and the government frank in the other corner. But while such things are all very nice, and give a fellow that important feeling which makes him feel rather sorry for his more common brethren, they are mere chaff when compared to the honor I had received, because it was multiplied by twenty-two! There are twenty-two Scouts in Troop No. 46, and the troop had called on me. With straight spines and natty, new uniforms, they went through their drills, demonstrated bandaging of broken heads and arms, built their human signalling tower, three Scouts high, sang "America," and repeated the Scouts' oath and pledge of allegiance.

If there is any value in the power of suggestion, this little story is worth telling. It may suggest a way for other men to win the same high honors which I have received. And here is the way of it:—

It just happens (and I tell it because it is incidental to the rest of the story and responsible for it as well), that the writer is crippled; much as he dislikes to insert an unpleasant fact in an otherwise pleasant recital, he has been confined to a wheel-chair for the past ten years and more due to an accident which is not a part of this story. And he is editor of *The Creston News*, a fine weekly newspaper. So there; we have made all the admissions we expect to make in that connection.

Troop No. 46 was organized only six months ago. It happens that I am a firm believer in boys, and in Boy Scouts particularly, and it was natural that I should write numerous "Boy Scout" editorials, and also that I should give a few hours of my time—most enjoyable hours, too!—to encouraging and helping the new troop.

When the boys of Troop No. 46 gave a banquet in the school auditorium of District No. 6 for Scouts and their fathers only, except that of course the Scoutmaster and his assistant were included, I was urged to attend, as a sort of associate member or *ex-officio* member of the organization. And when I very regretfully declined, a plot was hatched at that banquet, and as a result of that plot the Troop called on me and gave an exhibition of its six-months'-old prowess.

Hence, when the signalmen asked me to give them a confidential message to signal, "We will be kind to animals" was the message I wrote and that they signalled faithfully. And they will, too!

Where does the "power of suggestion come in?" you ask. Why, editors of weekly or daily papers might, by helping and encouraging Boy Scouts, win similar honors! And what is sweeter or more worth while in this life than the friendship, trust, and confidence of a bunch of fine boys and, perhaps, a good dog? What is there that makes life more worth living? But there is a grave responsibility attached, too. Those boys expect you to live up to what they think you are! And you must do it.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A LETTER

IRENE S. WOODCOCK

*I'M only a poor little, brown little dog
With a cold little, black little nose;
But I'm writing to you the best that I can
With my five little, brown little toes.*

*I want to remind you that hot days are here.
And won't you remember to think,
All you who have brown little dogs of your own,
To give them fresh water to drink!*

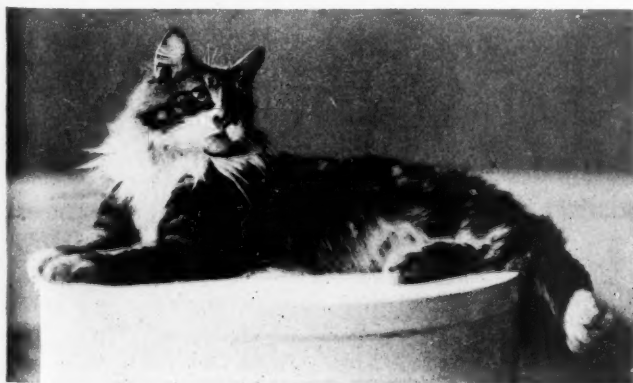
*And won't you remember to speak a kind word
Just once in a while or so,
To the small trusty dog who runs at your heels
Wherever you chance to go?*

*For all of the brown little dogs that I know
And all of the big dogs, too,
Whatever their color or name or kind,
Are loyal and true to you.*

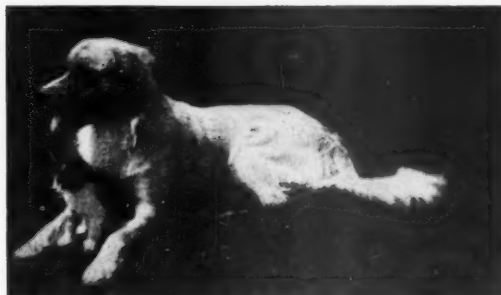
*They grieve for you sadly, if ever you're ill,
And long all your troubles to mend;—
I'm only a poor little, brown little dog,
But I'm some little boy's best friend.*

A FIRE-HORSE AFRAID OF MICE

WHY do you keep so many cats around the station?" a chief in a city fire department was asked recently. "So that Ben can sleep soundly," replied the chief. Ben is one of the fire-horses. He is a big bay, kind and gentle. One great trouble Ben has is a constant fear of rats and mice. The instant a rat pokes its head up through a crack in the floor, or ventures up too near Ben, he throws his front feet on top of a railing which stands two feet from the floor, and there he stands until the mouse or rat disappears. Ben and the cats work together. When the horse begins climbing on the railing and making all kinds of noise, the cats have learned that there is a mouse in Ben's corner. They come from all parts of the station, and the frightened horse is soon at peace again.



"CAIRO"



"CHUMS"

O. S. FREEMAN, president of the Connecticut Editorial Association, sends this picture of a dog and cat who are appropriately called "Chums," and who are a part of the life on Mr. Freeman's place in southern Berkshire County. As the picture shows, the dog "Dandy" is a staunch protector of the five-toed kitten, and when Dandy curls up before the open fireplace the kitten will nestle down and go to sleep on top of him. They roam together over the sixty-acre place, and when the journey seems burdensome, Dandy gently takes the kitten in his mouth and carries it.

One of Dandy's doings worth mentioning was the giving of an alarm of fire. It was midnight on Christmas eve. Some one during the day had carelessly placed a box containing wood ashes on the floor of the carriage-house. During the night the wind had come up and fanned the apparently dead ashes into bright fire, which burned through the box and the floor of the carriage-house. In making his rounds that night Dandy discovered what looked like fiery eyes, and immediately set up a barking with a persistency which brought members of the family, who were still up, to the door. Dandy's barking saved the carriage-house and contents and the connecting barns stocked with hay, two horses, and three cows, for if the dog had not been out that night all would have been destroyed, as the wind was blowing from a direction which swept the buildings.

A GREAT BIG HOPPER

LILLIAN TROTT

WHEN you find your green peas tampered with and see a rabbit hopping spryly from the garden you don't feel very angry. The bunny's size, his gentleness, and his winsomeness mitigate the damage done. But if you lived in the Australian group of islands, and went out some morning to catch a kangaroo hopping out of your garden plot, taking ten or fifteen-foot leaps as he went and leaving a ruined plot behind him, you might feel at least a bit melancholy, while a whole herd of hopping kangaroos, everyone as tall as your father, would prompt you to plan a higher, stronger fence for next season's garden.

The kangaroo never eats flesh, so never harms people or animals, while it is almost as timid as a rabbit. It carries its young around in its pocket, or pouch, and the babies are trained to pop into Mamma Kangaroo's hiding-place when frightened. The opossum of our own country has the same kind of pocket as its cousin kangaroo, where the little ones are carried in times of danger.

RETRIBUTION

HELEN M. CADE

A MAN set out for a good day's sport
With his fish-hook, trap and gun,
Prepared to enjoy all the pain he'd cause,
'Till the day's long course was run.

So he killed, and plundered, and maimed, and
shot,
'Till the sun sank low in the west,
And then, when his thirst for blood was done,
He started for home—and rest.

But a brother torturer, just before,
Had traveled the same dark road,
And had set a trap for a helpless thing,
To add to his own black load.

And into the trap the brute-man fell
And down came the cold steel jaw,
Into his flesh it clawed and bit,
For mercy is not its law.

And for company through those hours of pain
He had all the things that he slew.
And they stared at him with a mocking eye,
For their pain at least was through.

And time for reflection had this great sport,
As he writhed, and groaned, and raved,
And lay for days, as the creatures do
That are caught, and by man enslaved.

For retribution's a slow old law—
But sometimes it works out even—
And catches the man with the vicious heart,
Be he layman, priest, or heathen.

AMERICA A WORLD MENACE

JUDGE GEORGE W. ANDERSON at Williams College Commencement

THE trend now is toward a predominating interest in the next war. Already we are somewhat stale on the World War. We started out to defeat Prussianism in the field of battle—and did it—only to imitate and adopt Prussianism in many of its most offensive and liberty-destroying aspects.

Viewed in proper perspective, the moral and political downfall of the United States between 1918 and 1921 is fairly comparable to the military, political and economic downfall of Germany between 1914 and 1918. In all modern history no two nations have ever so wasted great and splendid opportunities for moral and political prestige and economic prosperity as did Germany in 1914, and has America since 1918.

Seven years ago Germany—Prussian dominated—was the military menace of the world. Today the United States is apparently appropriating more money for its navy than Great Britain and Japan together, and more for an army than any other nation except possibly France.

Three years ago this country was the moral and political leader of the world for a new era of peace, security and righteousness.

But what people are now so poor in appraising moral values as to do us reverence? Who respects us? Do we respect ourselves? Who trusts us? For what do we stand? For "peace with righteousness," or for some as yet undefined program of world or continental domination of the Prussian stamp? But we are feared; we are the world's greatest military power.

IN DEFENSE OF FANGLESS SNAKES

ANIMALS of many kinds are protected by law; but there are some humble creatures that have not come under the protecting wings of law—these creatures are the snakes. Their destruction is tolerated. But why should the six hundred species of snakes found the world over suffer death penalty upon sight because about sixty species are poisonous? Why should the fifty species of snakes found within the limits of the United States suffer death penalty upon sight because four are venomous? Why should the glass-snake or joint-snake which in fact is not a snake but a lizard, suffer the fate of snakes? The reason for such ruthless killing is ignorance.

Gossip is a great factor in instilling an unwarranted hatred for snakes. Who, for instance, has not heard of the "hoop-snake?"

But be assured, no snake ever rolls down a hill with its tail in its mouth or otherwise; and be assured no tree was ever killed by a snake. True, there is a snake commonly called "hoop-snake," *Abaster erythrogrammus*; it may be that on account of its terrible scientific name some folks would have it extinct.

The spreading adder is likewise considered a poisonous snake by people who know nothing about it. This snake is not poisonous, but it is the biggest bluff we know. When irritated it will hiss, spread its head and neck two or three inches, coil up, take an attitude for striking—and here the performance ends. It is perfectly harmless. When pressed further it will often turn over on its back and "play possum."

There are four poisonous groups of snakes within the boundaries of the United States; these are: the moccasin, rattler, copperhead, and harlequin. All are easily distinguished by their large, broad heads, deep-set black eyes, small neck, stout bulky body, and short tail. The most dangerous of these, we think, is the moccasin, for it usually rests on branches of low trees and shrubs and strikes at a passing victim. However, it will refrain from striking unless irritated and will give battle only when teased or frightened. The rattler comprises many species of which the diamond back is the most plentiful. It is dreaded by all, yet it is not the most venomous. Death from a rattler's bite depends on the activity of the snake, the time of the year, the condition of the person struck, and the spot affected by the poison. Besides this rattlers will give the trespasser a warning. The copperhead is next in rank in regard to virulence of poison. It is the most aggressive of our snakes. Fortunately it is not found in Florida. There is also another species, a very beautiful snake, the harlequin or bead-snake. It is the least venomous of our poisonous snakes.

Now having this in mind, count the number of persons you know of in the United States that have died from snake bite. If you know of one, you know of one more than I do. Yet a ruthless warfare is carried on against all snakes, and every creature that has the semblance of a snake, irrespective of its harmless and often beneficial character.

FR. CYRIL in *St. Leo Cadet*

THE men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

LLOYD JONES

THE HORSE'S VACATION—AN APPEAL

Who will give some tired, foot-sore horse a vacation this year?

He who has seen one of these patient servants turned out to pasture, for the first time in years, will never forget the seeming joy the poor creature has manifested when he found the soft earth beneath his feet, and knew the luxury of rolling on the cool, green grass.

Is this to be all the Heaven these road-weary toilers are ever to know? At least let us give them this here and now.

Three dollars and a half will mean seven days of rest and comfort for some horse taken from the hard pavement, at the Nevins Rest Home of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at Methuen.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated, but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars, (or if other property, describe the property).

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

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